

"Saturday, 26th July, 1873, (visit to Sydney).—The weather was quite lovely and the trip extremely pleasant. At four o'clock we bought a Sydney paper, in which we found our arrival announced. Very sharp of the Sydney Press." This is good for Sydney.

"Halifax, July 30th, 1873.—At twelve o'clock we landed on a slab of marble which commemorates the arrival of the Prince of Wales on the same day, thirteen years ago. The weather was most dull and muggy, and gave a certain melancholy to the ceremony of address-reading. Fred and the Colonel had been exulting all the way upon again seeing 'real soldiers,' after all the Volunteers that have welcomed us in other places; but I have been provided with a fund of chaff against them by the non-arrival of the 'real' guard of honor, who made some mistake, and turned up an hour later at the Government House instead of at the wharf.

August 2nd, 1873.—Early this morning we went to visit the fortifications, and saw three different sets of forts. We returned to the *Druid* at two, and had the Local Government to lunch. They are in opposition to the Dominion Parliament, and their papers were rather disagreeable about our visit here; but I am happy to say they have set aside all political differences for the moment, and really seem as if they could not do enough for us. The result is, that next week we have four balls, three monster picnics, three dinners, a concert, a cricket-match and a review. Is it not fearfully kind? 'What shall I wear?' is a question I must debate seriously every day.

August 7th, 1873.—In the evening D. (Lord Dufferin) dined at the Club and made a speech upon the absolute impartiality of the Governor-General (there is great strife going on now,) which was extremely well received. He ended by saying: 'As a reasonable being the Governor-General cannot help having convictions upon the merits of different policies. But these convictions are abstract, speculative, devoid of practical effect on his official relations. As the head of a Constitutional State, or engaged in the administration of Parliamentary Government, he has no political friends, still less need he have political enemies; the possession of either—nay, even to be suspected of possessing either—destroys his usefulness. Sometimes, of course, no matter how disconnected his personality may be from what is taking place, his name will get dragged into some controversy, and he may suddenly find himself the subject of criticism in the press of whatever party may for the moment be out of humor; but under these circumstances he must console himself with the reflection that these spasmodic castigations are as transitory and innocuous as the discipline applied occasionally to their idol by the unsophisticated worshippers of Mumbo Jumbo when their harvests are short or a murrain visits their flocks.' D. met me afterwards at a ball at the General's, where he had to dance everything until two o'clock."

The following will serve to illustrate the popularity of the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin at Ottawa:—

"Ottawa, April 30, 1877.—D. and I were the recipients of a great honor to-day. The Cabmen of Ottawa, having benefited by the gayeties at Government House this winter, got up a testimonial and an address for us, which they presented themselves. They came at two o'clock—fourteen very respectable-looking men. They read an illuminated address, and they presented D. with a handsome stick with a gold top and inscription, and me with a silver card-case, on which is inscribed: 'Presented to Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin, by the Hackmen of the City of Ottawa, as a token of esteem. April, 1877.' When the presentation was over, D. showed them the house, our sitting-rooms, etc.—and gave them dinner in the ball-room. Directly the wine was poured out, they all stood up and drank the Queen's health."

And now for the farewelling. "August 31, 1878.—A final good-by to Quebec, and to my happy Canadian life. In one of his farewell speeches in Canada, D. said: 'During a period of six years I have mingled with your society, taken part in your sports and pastimes, interested myself in your affairs and business, and became one of you in thought and feeling, and never have I received at your hands, whether in my public or in my private capacity, anything but the kindest consideration, the most indulgent sympathy and the warmest welcome.' This being so truly the case, no wonder that, although the day itself was lovely, it was one of the most miserable I ever spent.

After I left, D. received a deputation, consisting of the chief officers of all the municipalities of Ontario, who came to Quebec to present him with a joint address. The ceremony took place on the platform at the Citadel, and the deputations arrived, preceded by three Highland pipers dressed in the tartans of their respective clans. In his reply to them he spoke much of the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, and said that, with regard to the latter, he knew of but one fault—'of one congenital defect which attached to his appointment as Governor-General of Canada—he was not an Irishman.'" Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1891.

Now to take up a book which touches us nearer home than even the *Canadian Journal*. "Illustrated Halifax, the garrison city by the sea; its Civil, Military and Naval History," by Norbert Metzler, with a brief sketch of Acadian Annals. This is one of our excellent series of illustrated souvenirs of Canadian cities, being issued by Mr. John McConniff, of Montreal, and we have much pleasure in recommending the pretty volume with the above title to our readers. The illustrations are well selected and are artistically arranged, bearing a fair proportion to each other, and successfully represent the most interesting and best-worth seeing places about Halifax and vicinity. We observe that a view of Bedford Row on market day (page 28) is designated as George Street—a minor error, which probably escaped notice in getting out the tasteful souvenir. Mr. Metzler has done his work exceedingly well, and the historic sketch as well as descriptions of public buildings, forts, scenery, etc., are not only succinct but unusually accurate. He has written the sketch, as one only who knows

whereof he speaks can write, and enthuses over our natural beauties in a manner that is not unpleasing to lovers of our city. There is one point in the narrative to which we would like to call attention, but not in any fault-finding spirit—for the work is so well done as to deserve the highest praise. It is where Dartmouth is spoken of as a pretty and flourishing town with between four and five thousand inhabitants. Of course this volume was prepared for the press before the result of the recent census was made public, but it would have been better had the growth of the town been more distinctly spoken of. It has now a population of more than six thousand. Quite a difference! Beautiful paper is used in the book, and the illustrations show to the best of advantage on it. No prettier or more acceptable gift for friends abroad could be thought of, and indeed any stay-at-home Halifaxian might be glad to learn something more about the place he lives in from it. Notman's photographs were made use of in preparing the volume; the printing and binding were done by Messrs. Davis & Henderson, Toronto; the paper was supplied by Messrs. Austin & Robertson, Montreal; the illuminated cover is the work of the Toronto Lithographing Co., Toronto, and the photogravures were done by Harry C. Jones, New York Photogravure Co., N. Y., the latter being the only part of the work done outside Canada. The price of the souvenir is 75 cents, including a board cover for mailing. For sale by all booksellers.

St. Nicholas, the ever charming children's magazine published by the Century Company, appears to eclipse all former efforts by its Christmas number this year. There is a Christmas story by Ella F. Mosby, illustrated by R. P. Birch. Charles E. Carryl, who wrote "Davy and the Goblin," a great favorite with the readers of *St. Nicholas* a few years ago, now begins another story of similar whimsical nature and called "The Admiral's Caravan," wherein a little girl walks out into a quiet village street and has adventures beside which Jules Verne's wildest are prosaic. Charles F. Lummis begins a set of papers descriptive of "Strange Corners of Our Country," the first being mainly devoted to a well-justified but enthusiastic account of the Grand Canon of the Colorado—a wonderland wherein even the giant Yosemite might be mislaid. "Bill Nye" describes "The Escape of a Whole Menagerie" and the exciting recapture of the fugitive stock. Kemble illustrates the story by a humorous sketch of the proprietor. The story "The Corner of the Column," is adorned by views of the locality and otherwise illustrated besides. Thomas Nelson Page has a Southern reminiscence recounting the hunting of "Molly Cottontail" just before Christmas by a mob composed by the formula: Boys—several; negroes,—a lot more; and dogs,—*ad lib.* "David Cameron's Fairy Godmother," by Elizabeth Bisland, is an example of the modern instructive fairy tale, enlivened by humor and composed with ingenuity. Mr. Birch deserves especial thanks for the fairy typewriter in the title head-piece. The verse is unusually bright—Oliver Herford's "Crocodile" being quite worthy to rank with the "Ant" and the "Giraffe" and other ornaments of the show of which he alone has the key; Miss Fyle finds humor even in a Noah's Ark; M. M. D.'s poem, "Christmas Eve," speaks the thought of the Christmas-tree, and the jingle, "There was a Man," and "A Complaint," by Tudor Jenks, with W. H. Drake's clever illustrations, are jolly holiday reading. The departments fill, as usual, not the least interesting pages of the number, and altogether the Saint acquits himself creditably, considering what an enormous lot of present-giving he must have had on his mind.

Becher's Farmer's Almanac, 1892. This standard work is again before the public, and it maintains its well-won character of a storehouse of useful information for all classes of the population. It gives us the Royal Family; the members of the Senate and House of Commons, and Privy Council, all the Provincial Legislature, all the lawyers, doctors, clergymen and militia of Nova Scotia; the usual Calendar notes of weeks and months and seasons, tides, changes of the moon; tariff rates, &c., &c. It is an invaluable handbook for constant reference in the office, in the library, and in the domestic circle.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

A few years ago if anyone had said that there was money in raising cucumbers, the statement would have been laughed at. But the times change, and during the past season H. C. Vaughan, of Grand Pre, marketed cucumbers to the value of about \$315. They were sold to the pickle factory, and realized a good profit.—*Wolfville Acadian*.

SPRINGHILL COAL MINES.—The following from the *Amherst Evening Press* shows what is being done in the mines at Springhill. For the year 1890 the total output of the collieries was 419,012 tons. The production this year will show an increase of 40,000 tons. The monthly production for 1891 has been as follows: January, 44,889 tons; February, 28,816; March, 29,833; April, 40,716; May, 38,783; June, 39,976; July, 33,718; August, 40,986; September, 36,369; October, 41,687; November, 39,000; December, 43,500; Total, 458,277. The sales for 1891 will be about 405,000 tons—an excellent showing. The falling off in production of February and March as shown in the foregoing statement is attributable to the disastrous explosion, which occurred on February 21st, and caused a suspension of work equal probably to one month's loss of time. In fact it took several months to recover from the sudden blow, which laid low 125 men and boys.

The barque *Kathleen Hilda*, launched from the ship-yard of W. P. Cameron, South Maitland, a couple of weeks ago, is a fine vessel. She is 520 tons register, and is classed for twelve years in Bureau Veritas. The *Kathleen Hilda* is chartered to load at New York for Brisbane, Australia. She is the tenth Nova Scotian vessel sent to Donald Ross for Australia's Intercolonial trade.